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# MONEGAW

BY

VERNE DYSON



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The Story of  
**MONEGAW**  
A Chief of The Osages

BY VERNE DYSON



# THE STORY OF MONEGAW

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A CHIEF OF THE OSAGES



BY VERNE DYSON

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THE VALLEY OF THE OSAGE

Gift  
Anchor  
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“As a race they have withered from the land. their arrows are broken, their cabins are in the dust, Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide that is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner or persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.”



# FOREWORD

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Is it that something of the primeval savage is still so thoroughly inherent in man's nature that he turns with almost avidity to legends of the Indians? True or not as this may be, the fact remains that Indian stories have never lost interest for young people, or those of older growth as well, if they would but admit it. A lad will outgrow the dime novel, but after he has come into man's estate and after he has learned to read larger and better, he will pursue with the same keen interest, graphic tales of the more or less noble red man.

It seems to make but little difference who the Indian or where his tribe set up their village or what special symbols were carved on the totem poles which were planted in front of their tepees, if it is an Indian story it is all as it should be.

It is this incontrovertible fact which led Mr. Verne Dyson to weave into a fragmentary tale, some of the incidents in the stirring life of that great chief of chiefs, Monegaw, head of the tribe of the Osages.

When Mr. Dyson was spending a vacation at the lodge of "The Monegaw Club," to which he belongs, he made a tour through the country which Monegaw once claimed without dispute as his very own. On this trip he was fortunate enough to gather some most valuable information anent this most picturesque chief. These stories and legends have been woven into a booklet which he presents with the fervent hope that whatever it may lack in gracefulness will be atoned by its absorbing interest.

Mr. Dyson is a young man—a very young man—but he will get over that, and he puts forth this venture with some trepidation. He need not, however, be fearful. His little book is most attractive. It relates entertainingly the life story of the great chief and is rich in description of that beautiful country which was once the land of the Osages.

LILLIAN C. HUTTON.

Kansas City, Missouri, December 1, 1905.



## MONEGAW

Monegaw was chief of the Osages. In stateliness of form, in courage, and in the native strength of his mind he was well fitted to be the leader of so brave a people. He was swiftest in the chase, around council fires the wisest and in battle the bravest. While he had all the vigor and cunning of his race, he lacked much of its cruelty. Monegaw was severe only with his enemies; they, alone, were the victims of his prowess and strength. When the palefaces began to come from the East and settle in the valley, it was hinted by his warriors that they should be killed lest they become too numerous and frighten away the game with the sound of their axes, and lest they should build their houses along the most fertile streams and camp besides the coolest springs. But Monegaw was the white man's friend and he would say, "The land is plenty and the palefaces are few. We cannot eat all the fish that swim in the waters of the Osage. We have not enough arrows to kill all the deer which live in the valley. Only a few palefaces will come. We will not kill them and they will be our friends." Thus, Monegaw would prevail, but in the end his kindness called upon him a reproach which darkened the last days of his life and brought him in bitter sadness to an end, ill-deserved by so brave and renowned a chief.



## TRADITIONS OF EARLY YOUTH.

Tradition has it that Monegaw was born about the year 1800, in the valley of the Osage, in a village close beside the swift-running water. While still a young child he attracted unusual attention in his native village and soon came under the observation of the prophets of the tribe who were wont to whisper strange things concerning his future. The old medicine women were attracted to him, as well, and he was a frequent subject of conversation for these old, leathery-skinned hags as they sat around camp fires in the evening, smoking their pipes. While the stories concerning Monegaw were more or less familiar throughout the entire tribe, it was these old women who cherished them the more fondly and made a business of handing them down from one generation to another. They would not let these traditions of Monegaw die, and they are told, to this day, among the Osage Indians.

Monegaw first astonished his parents when he was less than two years of age. One day his mother was gathering sticks by the river and the boy, who had learned to walk only a few months previous, was following close behind. While she was reaching up to break a dead branch from a tree, she heard a splash in the river and looked back just in time to see the child disappear from view under the water. When Monegaw came to the surface he did not cry out or appear to be the least frightened, but began swimming rapidly toward the center of the river. Not being able to swim, the mother dropped her armful of sticks and, running to the village a hundred yards distant, gave the alarm to a laggard warrior who had remained, that afternoon, from the hunt. When the brave reached the river bank he beheld the tiny head above the water, far out from shore. He sprang in, swimming with utmost speed. It is said that the child actually reached the opposite shore before he was overtaken and, in crossing the river, had stemmed a current which was all but too much for his pursuer. It might be said that Monegaw's fame in the tribe dated from this singular occurrence.

On another occasion the warriors of the village had assembled to test their skill in the use of the bow and arrow. After one of the contestants had made the trial he, for some reason, laid his bow and arrows upon the ground. No sooner had he done so than young Monegaw, who had been hanging back at some distance with the women and other children, came forward and picked up the bow, placed an arrow in the shaft and, apparently without taking aim, shot and hit the target almost in the center.

Since Monegaw, so far as was known, had never before had a bow in his hand, the outcome of the attempt was looked upon as an amusing accident.

But when the child shot some four or five times, hitting the mark in each



“ALL DAY SHE WANDERED ALONE  
IN THE DARK, GLOOMY WOODS.”

case, it was found that Monegaw had, suddenly and without previous practice, acquired remarkable skill in the use of the bow and arrow. Thereupon, the incident of his swimming the river was recalled and it was found impossible to explain these extraordinary achievement otherwise than by attributing them to supernatural power. From this time on, Monegaw's singular accomplishments were taken as a matter of course.

There is one more story of Monegaw's youth which might be given: it is the medicine women's account of his first hunt. Early one morning he slipped away from the village, taking with him a bow and one arrow. A few hours after his departure he was missed from his mother's wigwam and upon inquiry it was learned that Monegaw had been seen entering the forest alone. The mother, fearing for her child in a forest inhabited by all manner of wild beasts, at once began the search. All day she wandered alone in the dark, gloomy woods, unarmed and at the mercy of prowling beasts. But they were frightened away by her strange appearance and unnatural voice. Her long hair frequently became entangled in the overhanging

branches; her feet were pierced and bleeding with thorns, and her rude garb was sadly torn, but all day she kept up the seach, crying out at intervals in her weird voice, calling Monegaw. Late in the afternoon she returned to the village, having lost hope. But at nightfall the Indian boy was seen emerging from the dark shadows of the forest dragging the skin of a huge bear which he had killed with his single arrow.

Monegaw was very brief in his account of the day's adventures. While hunting in the forest a short distance from the village he had discovered the trail of a bear which he took up and followed until the afternoon when he came upon the beast as he was gnawing on the bones of a carcass in a tangled thicket. Unobserved by the bear, the youth crept up within a few feet, shot the arrow deep into his side and then fell back and quickly clambered into the thick branches of a small tree, without once being observed by the animal. The bear, enraged with pain, lashed the bushes about in every direction, clawed at the arrow in his side and finally died, a victim of his own rage.

There are many such stories of Monegaw's youth which are interesting in themselves, but which are of chief importance as the early indications of a career which is at once illustrious and sorrowful.

MONEGAW FINDS

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THE TURKEY FOOT

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## MONEGAW FINDS THE TURKEY FOOT.

During the early part of the century a small party of Spanish adventurers left Florida and pushed northward, traveling sometimes by stream and sometimes pushing overland through unbroken forests. In the course of their wanderings they emerged, one day, upon a high bluff which overlooked the rich valley of the Osage. When they gazed upon the bright river, the green lowlands, the dark forests, the misty hill country and saw the smoke rising from quiet Indian villages, they were constrained to enter the land. They had heard that the Indians of the valley were friendly toward peaceful travelers; so they journeyed to a village and obtained permission to remain, for a season, and enjoy the bountiful fishing and hunting of the Indian land.

On one occasion, two of the Spaniards who were hunting along the sides of a rocky bluff, far back from the river, succeeded in killing a large wild cat at the entrance of a cave. While they were bending over, examining their game, one of the men picked up a peculiar kind of rock formation. Upon examination it was found to be heavily charged with silver. Further investigation showed that much of the same ore was lying scattered about, some of the pieces having rolled quite a distance down the mountain side, indicating that, perhaps, the pieces of ore had been scratched out of the cave by some wild animal.

The men were quick to realize that they had happened upon a silver mine. They explored the cave and found that a rich vein of silver ore was exposed along the entire length of one side. The rest of the party were notified of the discovery and the chase was given up for the more arduous task of mining. With rudely improvised tools, the Spaniards succeeded in digging out a large quantity of the rich ore and, by means of a roughly constructed smelter it was reduced and the silver molded into bars and stored in the cave.

When the Indians noticed that the Spaniards had given up hunting and were confining themselves to mysterious operations in the hill country, they at once became suspicious and unfriendly in their actions toward the strangers. One day a member of the party was killed by



an Indian lying in ambush. This was sufficient warning to leave, and hurried preparations were made for departure.

The Spaniards first destroyed the smelter which, as a precaution, had been erected back in the hills, some distance from the mine. They piled the silver bullion in one corner of the cave and then carved an inscription in Spanish upon a stake which was driven in the floor of the cave just back of the opening. The mouth of the cavern was carefully sealed and on a smooth slab which was exposed to the outside, they roughly engraved the character of a turkey foot, and left with the expectation of returning at a more opportune time.

The adventurers made a hurried escape from the land of the Osages and, after months of hardships and travel, reached their home country and told of their rich discovery.

Early the next spring a large company of Spaniards, heavily armed, made their way through the wilderness to the head waters of the Osage River. In addition to arms and provisions, they carried tools with which to construct a keel boat from the native timber. It was their purpose to load the boat with a large quantity of the silver, float down the Osage to the Missouri River, thence to the Mississippi and on to the southern coast with their rich treasure.

Considerable time was consumed in building a boat large enough to accommodate the party and to carry the large cargo of silver. It was, at last, completed and chained to the river bank to await the high water which would be necessary to float the heavy and unwieldy craft. When the melting of the snow and the heavy spring rains had swollen the stream, the Spaniards cut loose and started down the river to a point opposite the mine.

The Osages were always accounted a cunning and wily people. It was not possible for such operations as these to go on, even in the remote borders of their land, without discovery. No sooner was the boat set afloat upon the river than it was being followed by a large band of Indians who were careful to keep themselves concealed in the thick timber which skirted the shore. The Osages were persuaded that the Spaniards were upon no friendly mission and determined to destroy the entire party at the first opportunity. The opportunity was not long coming.

The second day of the voyage a blinding sleet storm broke upon the river with a strong wind blowing from the north. The hurricane came with such force that it was able to offset the onward movement of the boat down stream, and for a time it made little or no progress. The boat finally reached a bend in the river where it was protected from the retarding wind. It was taken up by the unusually swift current at this point and swept rapidly around the bend. When about one hundred yards from the shore it struck a snag and came to a sudden stop. At this moment of confusion on board, the Indians rushed from under cover and appeared in great numbers on the shore. They fired a volley of arrows which went wild on account of the terrific wind. Seeing the ineffectiveness of this kind of tactics, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows and plunged into the river, swimming toward the stranded boat.

The Spaniards at once opened fire with their guns and many of the Indians who first entered the river were either killed or wounded and their struggling bodies were carried down with the current. But the Spaniards found themselves engaged in an unequal conflict; the elements had combined with the Indians for their destruction. For a time they were able to check the advance of the Indians, but the beating rain and sleet soon dampened their guns and ammunition so that their firing became ineffective and finally ceased. The ill-fated crew were forced to throw down their sputtering firearms and defend themselves in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Osage warriors who plunged into the river far above and floated down with the current to the stranded boat. The great number of warriors who swarmed over the sides of the sinking vessel soon overpowered the Spanish crew and they fell to the last man. Thus, in a single hour, storm and bloody slaughter ended their dreams of wealth.

Young Monegaw was one of those who took a hand in the strife and was one of the last to leave the boat before it went down. In passing to the edge of the craft to clamber over its side, he walked by the prostrate form of one of the enemy, whom he supposed to be dead. To his surprise, the Spaniard reached out and with both hands clasped him tightly about the ankle. Monegaw's first impulse was to strike the hands loose with his hatchet, but when he looked down and saw the youth of about his own age his Indian heart was touched. Monegaw afterwards be-

came noted for his kindness of heart; he was now to do his first gracious deed. There came upon him the impulse to save this dying Spaniard. It was a hard battle for Monegaw in the cold, muddy waters, but he finally reached the shore.

Back from the river he found a ledge which afforded shelter from the rain and sleet. There he gathered a few dry leaves and sticks and made a fire. The Spaniard's clothes were frozen hard upon his body and his thick curls were stiff and flat on his forehead.

One of these youths was a child of the forest, clad in the rough garments of his people: the other was a child of civilization and wore upon his body a breastplate, having upon it the insignia of nobility. He was a Spanish knight who had crossed the ocean in search of fortune. The spirit of adventure had seized upon him, a restlessness had taken possession of him which books and culture and uneventful travel did not satisfy. Many have fought the wilderness and won, but more have perished. But in the peril and uncertainty of the contest lies its attractiveness. When there is no actual warfare in which the young adventurer may engage he will often pit himself against the unequal forces of torrent and stream, of mountain and forest, and many were the unmarked graves in the great American wilderness. This Spanish youth had sought and found adventure and now he was dying the most lonely of all deaths—death in the wilderness. There sat by his death-bed not a parent or a friend, but a kind hearted Indian.

Revived by the warmth of the fire, the Spaniard opened his fast-dimming eyes, filled with gratitude, upon his unknown friend of the forest. In a few broken words, weak and uncertain, he repaid, in the only way possible to him, the humanity of the Indian youth.

Monegaw had not done much for the youth; he had prolonged life only an hour. But he had saved him from death in the rushing flood and would give him a peaceful resting place on solid land, while his companions had perished in the river where their bodies would ever be at the mercy of the fickle, changing waters. This, after all, was much for which to be grateful.

There was but one thing the Spaniard could do in return for this kindness: he could tell Monegaw a secret that would make him rich, and Monegaw was poor. Many of the warriors in Monegaw's tribe were rich in horses,

but he had, as yet, acquired none. In the dry dirt under the ledge, the Spaniard drew, with trembling fingers, the character of a turkey foot and by means of words and gestures, made Monegaw understand that if he would find a cave with this character engraved upon a rock at its entrance he would have money with which to buy many horses.

The Spaniard was given an Indian burial. In burying their dead, it was necessary for the Indians to take precaution against the wolves which roamed in great numbers through the valley. These animals would dig up the bodies if buried under a mound of earth, without other protection. In order to save the dead from desecration, it was necessary to make an opening in the ground and line bottom and sides with rocks; the body was then placed within and the grave covered over with stout poles, on which rocks were piled and these, in turn, covered with earth. The youth was given a burial of this kind, though it cost Monegaw many hours of hard labor, and that in a raging storm.

For some time after the river battle, Monegaw's companions noticed that he spent much time in the solitary hunt. One day he left the valley and went toward the East and in a few months he returned, driving a large herd of horses. Monegaw had found the turkey foot.



"LITTLE MONEGAW" CREEK

INDIAN

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LOVERS

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## INDIAN LOVERS.

It frequently happens that a youth's good fortune is speedily followed by his marriage; this was the case with young Monegaw. In Monegaw's day brides were bought for a price. The bride herself could be won, but it took horses to satisfy the father. Monegaw had always been first among youths in the chase and had showed marked bravery in the river battle, the first contest in which he had taken part. But up to the time of the finding of the turkey foot, his only possessions consisted of his bow and arrow and a goodly heritage of bravery and skill.

There is nothing remarkable or irregular about Monegaw's wooing; it was strictly in accord with the customs regulating such matters which had prevailed from the earliest history of his tribe. His wooing is interesting simply from the fact that the name "Monegaw," by which he is now known, was derived from an incident connected with the winning of his bride. After this famous occurrence, the name which was given him in childhood was forgotten, even by the inhabitants of his native village.

Monegaw loved Pocahalma, a maiden who lived in one of the villages along the banks of the Osage. Her father, who had once been a valiant warrior, was now an aged man and spent his days in weaving blankets and in thinking of a past crowded with war and gallant victories. As he sat at the entrance of his wigwam and muttering, ill-contented with this woman's work, his daughter, Pocahalma, would sit by his side, weaving baskets, thinking of the future and of a brave warrior of another village, always wondering when the trail of the deer would lead him again that way.

Monegaw first beheld this beautiful maiden one day when she was helping an old, trembling woman to the famous sulphur springs which now bear his name, that the aged creature might drink of the waters and be healed. The youth was first attracted by this tender devotion to old age and then fascinated by the personal charms of the lovely Indian girl.

When Monegaw came into the possession of horses and wealth he felt that it was time to make known his love. One evening he adorned himself in his richest robe

of bear's hide, and, after the shades of night had crept over the hills and mingled with the mists of the valley, he went alone to the verge of the ancient sulphur spring and cast into the deep pool some of his most precious trinkets as a votive offering to the god of healing waters. That night he slept close beside the spring and early in the morning started upon his journey.

In the course of his day's travels a panther crouched in his path. He sent a deadly arrow through its heart and the animal was taken with him as an offering to his bride. Late in the afternoon he came to Pocahalma's dwelling. Her father sat in the entrance weaving blankets and she by his side, weaving baskets. When Pocahalma saw him coming she sprang up to welcome him and Monegaw laid his offering at her feet. Then she hastened to procure food and drink for their guest—fish from the river, venison from the forest and clear spring water. After the meal Monegaw gathered his robes closely about him and sat silent and motionless until night came, and then went away. Though no words were spoken, his mission was well understood.

In a few days he returned and again was welcomed. This time he found that the maiden had placed a seat for him close beside her own; this was evidence that his attentions were received with favor. After while Pocahalma came with her baskets and sat by his side and silently worked until nightfall and then she put aside her weaving and, in silence, the two lovers listened to the swift-running waters, saw the fireflies flitting among the trees and heard the night wind among the branches. To these Indian lovers the music of wind and waters was the only melody known. Nature played for her children her own love serenade and whispered to them in a language which they could well understand.

When the moon had gone down behind the hill and a great, dark shadow had crept across the river Monegaw arose and left Pocahalma's dwelling. The next day he came and arranged with the old blanket maker what price should be paid for his daughter. Monegaw willingly agreed to give, in payment for his bride, one hundred of the best and swiftest horses of his herd. This was a most unusual price, as the ordinary number was from twenty to fifty, according to the wealth and ardor of the suitor. When Monegaw came with the horses he brought other gifts also—many bright colored beads, long strings of the

teeth of the wild animals he had slain, many other trinkets and much silver. All these gifts he gave in exchange for Pocahalma, a most unusual offering. From this event the young warrior became known as "Monegaw" which, being interpreted, means "owner of much money."



THE OSAGE OF TODAY

MONEGAW

AS CHIEF

## MONEGAW AS CHIEF.

The Osages were the most powerful and warlike of all the southern Sioux, and they were hostile to all other Indians, including the Kansas tribe which spoke a dialect similar to their own. The Osages had engaged in many bloody battles, but of these the one with the Pawnees was the most memorable. These powerful tribes met in combat upon the banks of the Osage River. All day long their fierce war-cry echoed through the valley. The rich, red blood of the fighters was mingled with the clear waters of the river and at nightfall a thousand brave warriors had been slain. The fight was not resumed the next morning for the Pawnees had been defeated and many of their braves called home to Tirawa, the Great Spirit.

Monegaw was the hero of this famous battle; many warriors fell at his hands. From that day his name became known throughout the Indian land and in less than a year he was made chief of the Osages. He was the hero of many subsequent battles; never before had the Osages been led by so brave a chief.

While Monegaw was the dreaded enemy of all the Indians of the neighboring tribes, he was regarded as a friend by the white settlers who came into the Indian country. Monegaw was perfectly willing for them to live in the valley since they were always ready to acknowledge him as ruler of the land. They came in such small numbers, at first, that he could find no reason for not permitting them to settle in a region which had game enough for all.

Monegaw's friendship for the palefaces was not shared by all the other members of his tribe. Many of the warriors looked with suspicion upon the coming of the white man. But the fact that their great chief was friendly toward the newcomers was enough to silence their discontent, for a while, at least.

By reason of his kindly disposition, Monegaw was always a welcome guest at the white man's cabin. He frequently ate at their tables and would exchange stories with them around their camp fires and talk with their women and children, telling them of wild animals he had slain and of battles he had fought and won.





WHERE MONEGAW AND HIS BRAVES ONCE HUNTED THE  
RUNNING DEER.

Monegaw had never been hostile to the whites, but it is said that his actual friendship dated from a visit which he made to the "Good Father" at Washington, shortly after he became chief of the Osages. When one of the settlers told Monegaw of their great chief who lived in a beautiful white city far away toward the rising sun, the Indian brave was seized with a desire to visit the ruler of the palefaces. He left the valley of the Osage with a select band of warriors and traveled eastward until he came to the land of the palefaces. Tradition says that Monegaw was received with great honor by the white chief and treated not as a subject but as a fellow ruler. It was mutually agreed that the chiefs would defend each other's subjects and Monegaw returned to his people, carrying with him the memory of a royal welcome. For many years Monegaw was true to the agreement.

An incident is related in connection with Monegaw's meeting with one of the officials at the capitol. This man was an invalid, small in stature and sickly in appearance. Having expressed admiration for the chief's heroic size and rustic health, he inquired as to the secret of his uncommon strength and vigor. Monegaw replied:

"You go with Chief Monegaw to the land of the Osages. You follow the deer all day through the valley, swim in the clear waters of the river and at night drink the medicine waters of the 'Great Spring' and you soon be big like Chief Monegaw."

Tradition says that the invalid actually returned with Monegaw and remained a year in the valley as a guest of the tribe and finally returned to his native land, having gained much in stature and in strength.

As years went by Monegaw's fame increased in the land. So many victories were gained over enemies that the Osages were now accounted first in war. But in the midst of honor and achievement there came a time when Monegaw's life was troubled. Not that his people were untrue; not that battles had been lost; not that honor was denied him. The soul of the great chief was disturbed by the ever increasing tide which was sweeping into the Indian land from the East. Each year the white men came in larger numbers. They were frightening away the game; all day he could hear the sound of their axes. They were taking the richest land; their boats were thick upon the river. Not only did they build homes in the forest and

along the streams, but they were building a village and a fort. Monegaw was wise enough to know what it all meant.

The discontent among his people had grown beyond his control. His warriors had long been clamoring for a raid; at last he consented. Monegaw had always been the white man's friend; it was a sad day when he was forced to look upon him as his enemy. During Monegaw's time the Osage warriors had discarded their bows and arrows for the white man's more deadly gun. Their own secret lead mines supplied them with bullets. Preparatory to the great raid Monegaw's men went into the hill country and brought much lead ore to their smelter which was largely of nature's own making.

The process of reducing the ore was in keeping with the rude life they lived and with the type of civilization they represented. In a secret ravine they discovered an immense oak tree which was hollow for its entire length; this was the Indian smelter. About twenty feet from the ground limbs jutted out in three directions. Branches were cut and placed across these outspreading arms so as to form a substantial platform. Just above the platform the Indians cut an opening which communicated with the hollow interior. By means of ropes made of twisted strands of buffalo hides, the bags of ore were lifted from the ponies' backs to the platform above. The ore, together with layers of dry wood, was placed in the hollow until it was completely filled.



THE INDIAN SMELTER.

The mass was then set on fire from an opening made near the ground and allowed to burn. By this process the lead was melted from the ore and ran down in the ashes at the foot of the tree. After cooling it was taken out and molded into the bullets which were to bring death to the white man.

Monegaw's raid broke like a storm upon the valley of the Osage. The Indians were determined that every white man and every white man's house must go, and as they swept down the valley they killed and burned. Monegaw, the kind hearted chief, was of the past; in a day his nature reverted to the savage and blood-thirsty instincts of a naturally cruel and revengeful people. There was nothing to check the wild destruction of Monegaw's men until they reached the fort which, as the stronghold of the pale-faces, was their especial object of fury. After the Indians had been unsuccessful in a well-planned night attack, they made a furious assault upon the fort in the day time. But when they charged the stockades they were slaughtered in great numbers by a deadly fire from the block houses. Having given up the attack on the fort, Monegaw and the remnant of his band gave themselves up to devastating the surrounding country.

Rumors of the Indian uprising quickly spread through the country, and Captain Read was ordered by the commander of the fort at Independence, Missouri, which was then a French trading post, to hasten to the Osage country with a large company of soldiers to quell the outbreak.

After a hurried march through an unbroken and pathless region, the soldiers emerged upon the Osage River at the place where the town of Warsaw now stands. The next morning they took up the Indian trail, leading westward up the Osage valley. The scouts soon located a band of Indians driving a large herd of horses. In order to avoid an ambush the soldiers were compelled to move forward in a cautious manner. Not being able to overtake the Indians that day they camped for the night. They took up the trail early the next morning and about noon came upon the spot where the Indians had camped the previous night. The Indians retreated up the valley to their village, near what are now known as the Monegaw Springs, where they took a stand. When the soldiers arrived a fierce battle was fought, in which the superior numbers and equipment of the soldiers made victory over the Indians practically easy, even though they fought with the greatest bravery.

This was Monegaw's first and last defeat. When the most of his warriors had been slain he, with the small remnant of his brave band, fled to the wooded hill. The soldiers took captive the squaws and children, burned all



the wigwams, and sent out a party in search of the chief and his followers. No trace of them could be found; they had gone to a safe retreat.



MONEGAW'S DEATH CHAMBER



"BIG MONEGAW" CREEK



VENGEANCE

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CROWNS DEATH

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## VENGEANCE CROWNS DEATH.

On the north side of the Osage River a bold and rugged bluff extends from the "Little Monegaw" to the "Big Monegaw" creek, a distance of two miles. This vast rock wall rises, in places, to a height of one thousand feet above the water. At times, the bluff projects far out over the river, casting a dark and ominous shadow half way across the stream. This precipice, for its entire length, is crowned with a forest whose thick trees grow out to its very edge. The cliff is honeycombed with caves, dark caverns and gloomy places of retreat.

One of these caves, the largest in the region, had long been the favorite haunt of the Indians, and the number and variety of the inscriptions would indicate that their visits had been frequent and prolonged. Large, deep furrows in the soft sandstone at the mouth of the cave show where the warriors were accustomed to whet their spikes and arrow heads. Just inside of the cave, on the right hand, were to be seen three warriors, decked with war paint and feathers, and above and around them were many inscriptions and characters. In other parts of the cave there were representations of warriors grappling with bears and other wild beasts. There were also turtles and fish of different sizes and shapes; warriors swimming in the river; some leading ponies and others carrying bows and arrows. In the background was a lone warrior, wrapped in a blanket; this inscription is supposed to have been engraved by Monegaw, himself, and to be representative of his own death.

After the defeat Monegaw and his men fled to the timber and were soon lost to view and, being more familiar with the topography of the country than the soldiers, they were soon able to outstrip their pursuers. After having made a circuit through the woods they followed a deep, rocky ravine to the base of the cliff and then made their way to the cave where they were sure of safety. It was their purpose to remain in the cave until night, then ascend to the river and swim to the opposite shore. They determined upon this plan in a council, held in the darkness of a remote corner of the cave. There was no light save the light which was flashed from the eyes of these

hunted warriors who, like wild animals at bay, were calm and restrained, yet, at times, gave evidence of the fierce burning of an inward and not altogether controllable passion.

Monegaw had not presided over such a council before and never before had he been reproached by a common warrior of the tribe as now. In these caustic words did a brave scourge his chief:

“Monegaw, our campfires have gone out on the shore. Our villages have passed away. Our women and children we will see no more. Our horses are lost in the woods. Our streams and hunting grounds have been taken by the palefaces you loved. You said only a few would come from the East, but now they are thicker than the leaves of the forest.”

After a long silence Monegaw replied:

“The hunting ground of our fathers is no longer ours and Monegaw is to blame. I thought the palefaces were good—I could not see their hearts. You must leave for the land of the setting sun. Go, but Monegaw is your chief no longer. Here by the waters of the Osage he will die and return to the Great Spirit.” Thus spoke Monegaw, greatest and best of the Osages.

Finally the darkness which crept over the valley came in and joined with the darkness of the cave. Then without a sign, without a word, Monegaw’s men left him, a poor miserable band, without villages, without hunting ground, without leader or chief. At a signal from one of their scouts they rushed wildly down the mountain side to the river, plunged in and swam to the opposite shore.

To the common warriors of the tribe such defeat was bitter humiliation. Monegaw felt all that his men had felt and much more; to his humiliation had been added the sting of reproach and this was more than his proud spirit could stand.

All that night and the next day Monegaw remained in the cave. At sundown he came to the entrance and looked out over the valley. He saw the bright running river; he remembered his mother’s wigwam by the shore; he remembered the village of Pacahalma. Where were his children? Had they been taken by the white men he had loved? Far away he saw smoke rising from an open space in the woods; he knew that it was not the smoke of Indian campfires. When darkness came and covered the valley, Monegaw returned to his lonely corner.

According to tradition Monegaw remained for five days in the cave without food or drink. Each evening he came out at sundown to view the valley; each evening his thoughts were the same. Starvation was fast making a wreck of this proud Indian chief. The sixth day when he came from the cave at sundown he felt as if his strength had returned and instead of standing at the entrance, as on previous evenings, he came out and scaled the rocks to the summit of the precipice, far above. He had not been so active since his youth. When he reached the top of the cliff he raised up to the full stature of his height, shaded his eyes with his hands, and viewed the river, the valley and the far distant hills. Monegaw was looking for the last time upon the valley. Upon this lofty height he stood as motionless as a tree until darkness crept over the land of the Osages. He had returned only a short distance toward the cave when his unnatural strength failed him and he fell upon the hard, jagged rocks. When he had painfully crawled and felt his way back to the cave, he dragged himself to the corner where he was accustomed to lie.

Just how Monegaw passed his last hours is, of course, uncertain, but an imaginative tradition has it that his eventful life was ended in the following manner:

After he returned to the cave he seated himself for rest and leaned his head against the hard rock. Suddenly he became conscious of a light and opened his eyes. There before him was a face, a "pale face," a face white as milk. As he looked upon the hated features, wild revenge seized upon him and he could feel strength returning with the rushing of his savage blood. He felt about in the darkness, found his tomahawk and arose to his feet. The "pale face" was now before him. He raised the weapon high above his head, gave a wild, frenzied cry and, with all of his strength, struck at the phantom. Such was the force of the blow that his body was carried forward to its full length and the tomahawk struck with awful force on the rock floor of the cave. He raised his head and looked; the light was gone. Then he gave an exultant cry of joy for he had killed the "pale face." His head fell forward with his face on the hard stone. Monegaw, chief of the Osages, was dead.













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